



MY NAME IS BATTLIN' JACK MURDOCK. AT LEAST IT IS FOR ONE MORE ROUND.

LOOK AT YOU. FIXER WASTED HIS MONEY BUYING YOU OFF IN THE FOURTH.



YOU WOULDN'T HAVE MADE IT TO ROUND FIVE ANYWAY.

IN LESS THAN THREE MINUTES, I'M GONNA BE RETIRING ON THE WRONG END OF A K.O., WHETHER THE MOOK I'M FIGHTING EARNS IT OR NOT.



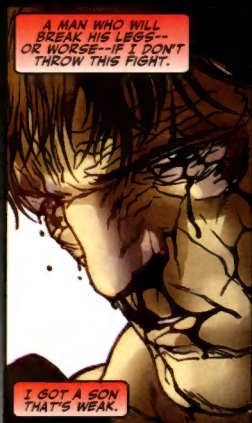
I AIN'T EVER GONNA KNOW IF I COULDA HAD THIS FIGHT...

JUST PATCH ME UP, ALL RIGHT?



... 'CUZ I GOT A SON WHO CAN'T SEE.

WHO AIN'T EVER GONNA BE ABLE TO PROTECT HIMSELF FROM MEN LIKE THE FIXER.



A MAN WHO WILL BREAK HIS LEGS-- OR WORSE-- IF I DON'T THROW THIS FIGHT.

I GOT A SON THAT'S WEAK.



SO I GOTTA BE WEAK.

DING!

ROUND 4

WRITTEN BY
JOE ZED WELLS
ART BY CARMINE
DI GIANDOMENICO

LETTERING BY
ARTMONKEYS
STUDIOS

ASSISTANT EDITOR
ALEJANDRO ARBONA
EDITOR IN CHIEF
JOE QUESADA

EDITOR
WARREN SIMONS
PUBLISHER
DAN BUCKLEY

I STUMBLE TOWARD CREEL
AND THE CROWD CHEERS,
SMELLING BLOOD.

MY DEAD ARMS START TO
TINGLE, BEGGING FOR A CHANCE
TO PROVE THEM WRONG.

BUT IT AIN'T THE
TWENTY THOUSAND
PEOPLE PULLING
FOR ME TO GET
FLATTENED THAT
BUGS ME...

IT'S THE KID WHO THINKS
I'M GONNA WIN IT.

ALWAYS HAD A
PROBLEM WITH PEOPLE
BELIEVIN' IN ME.

JUST A MATTER OF TIME
BEFORE I LET 'EM DOWN.



WHAT'S UP, SLADE?

I'M ONTA YOU, MURDOCK. THINK YOU COULD SCREW US AND GET AWAY WITH IT?



I TOOK CARE OF THIS WITH THE FIXER ALREADY. SAID I'D COOPERATE. THE AGREEMENT BEING I WOULDN'T BE SEEING YOU FELLOWS AROUND ANYMORE.

NOT THAT I THOUGHT YOU'D BE IN A BIG HURRY TO GET BACK TO THE GYM AFTER WHAT HAPPENED LAST TIME.



YOU BETTER PRAY WE DON'T FIND OUT THAT YOU KNEW THAT GUY, MURDOCK! YOU PRAY! BECAUSE WHEN WE FIND HIM, WE'RE GONNA--

TAKE IT EASY, BOSS! FIXER SAYS WE CAN'T TOUCH 'IM!



IF I GOT BUSINESS WITH YOU, SPIT IT OUT, SLADE. OTHERWISE, GET THE \$\$\$ OUTTA MY FACE.

GOT A VISIT FROM ONE OF OUR BOOKIES. THAT BAR TRAMP YOU BEEN HANGING OUT WITH MADE A VERY HEFTY BET.

SHE'S ALLOWED TO GAMBLE, AIN'T SHE?



THAT AIN'T THE PROBLEM. PROBLEM IS SHE BET ON YOU TO WIN.

W-WHAT?

FIXER'S NERVOUS YOU'VE CHANGED OUR DEAL.

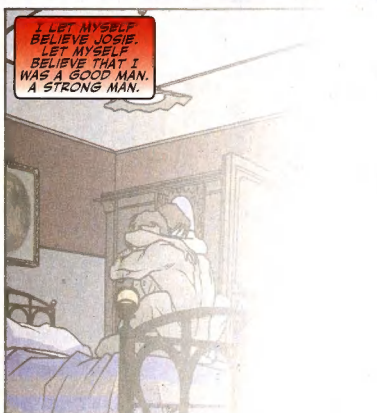


THERE MUSTA BEEN A MISTAKE...

THEN YOU HANDLE IT, MURDOCK!



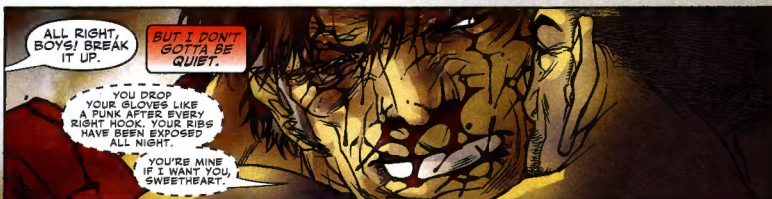






BUT I MADE HER
PROMISE TO STAY AWAY
FROM THE FIGHT. HER
JACK MURDOCK AIN'T
FIGHTIN' TONIGHT.

TONIGHT I
GOTTA BE WEAK.



ALL RIGHT,
BOYS! BREAK
IT UP.

BUT I DON'T
GOTTA BE
QUIET.

YOU DROP
YOUR GLOVES LIKE
A PUNK AFTER EVERY
RIGHT HOOK. YOUR RIBS
HAVE BEEN EXPOSED
ALL NIGHT.

YOU'RE MINE
IF I WANT YOU,
SWEETHEART.



NEVER FORGET
THAT, CREEL! NEVER
FORGET THAT OL' BATTLIN'
JACK HAD YOUR NUMBER!



WHAM





H-HE GOT YOU
PRETTY GOOD. YOUR EYE'S
GONNA GO BLACK FROM
IT...COULD TELL BY THE
SOUND IT MADE...

I FIGURED IF
I'M GOING TO BE A
LAWYER, I'D NEED
A BIG STICK.

I DON'T
KNOW. IT ALMOST
LOOKS LIKE--

MATT'S
WALKING
STICK.

8!

MY BOY
ISN'T WEAK.

MY BOY IS
STRONG.

HOW COULD I
BE SO BLIND?

9!

WHAT IS HE
DOING?!

SO TONIGHT, I
CAN BE STRONG.

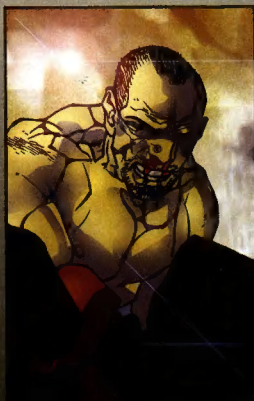
YOU
OKAY?

YES.

YOU
SURE?

LET'S
DO THIS.

FIGHT!



STRONG FOR MYSELF.

